The Bondman A....

Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jorgenson was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes fo her and in his anger he disowned her. Then orry deserted her and ran away to sea. Of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a broken-hearted woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse, and maried a dissolue, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, war born. The woman died and Orry gave their child to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's only daughter, Greeba. Time passed and the governor and his wife became estranged, their five sons staying with their mother on account of their jealousy of Sunlocks, who had become a favorite with the governor. Finally Stephen Orry confesses his misdeeds to Sunlocks, who promised to go to Iceland to find Rachel if possible and care for her, and if she was dead to find her son and treat him as a brother. He bid good-bye to his sweetheart, Greeba, and started on his journey. Meantime Jason had started on his journey of vengeance and his ship was wrecked on the Isle of Man. He saved the life of his father unknowingly. Orry died, and on his death bed was recognized by Jason.

THE BOOK OF MICHAEL SUNLOCKS.

CHAPTER I.

He had always stood somewhat in awe of these great persons, and his spirits rose visibly at the loss of them, for he had never yet reconciled himself to the dignity of his state.

"It's wonderful how much a man may do for himself when he's put to it," he said, as he groomed his own horse next morning. His sons were not so easily appeased, and muttered hard words at his folly, for their own supplies had by this time suffered curtailment. He was ruining himself at a breakneck pace, and if he came to die in the gutter, who should say that it had not served him right? The man who threw away his substance with his eyes open deserved to know by bitter proof that it had gone. Jason heard all this at the fireside at Lague, and though he could not answer it, he felt his palms itch sorely, and his fists tighten like ribs of steel, and his whole body stiffen up and silently measure its weight against that of Thurstan Fairbrother, the biggest and heaviest and hardest-spoken of the brothers. Greeba heard it, too, but took it with a gay lightsomeness, knowing all yet fearing nothing.

"What matter?" she said and then laughed.

But strange and silly enough were some of the shifts that her father's open-handedness put her to in these bad days of the bitter need of the island's poor people.

It was the winter season, when things were at their worst, and on Christmas Eve Greeba had a goose killed for their Christmas dinner. The bird was hung in one of the outhouses, to drain and cool before being plucked, and while it was there Greeba went out leaving her father at home. Then came three of the man who had never yet been turned empty from the Governor's door. Adam blustered at all of them, but he emptied his pockets to one, gave the goose to another, and smuggled something out of the pantry for the third.

The goose was missed by the maid whose work it was to pluck it, and its disappearance was made known to Greeba on her return. Guessing at the way it had gone, she went into the room where her father sat placidly smoking, and trying to look wondrous serene and innocent.

"What do you think, father?" she said; "someone has stolen the goose."

"I'm afraid, my dear," he answered meekly, "I gave it away to poor Kinrade, the parish clerk. Would you believe it, he and his good old wife hadn't a bit or a sup for their Christmas dinner?"

"Well," said Greeba, "you'll have to be content with bread and cheese for your own, for we have nothing else in the house now."

"I'm afraid, my dear," he stammered, "I gave away the cheese too. Poor dafe Geliing, who lives on the mountains, had nothing to eat but a loaf of bread, poor fellow."

Now the rapid impoverishment of the governor was forcing Greeba into the arms of Jason, though they had yet no idea that this was so; and when the crisis came that loosened the ties which held Greeba to her father, it came as a surprise to all three of them.

The one man in the island who had thus far shown a complete indifference to the sufferings of the poor in their hour of tribulation was the Bishop of Sodor and Man. This person was a fashionable ecclesiastic—not a Manxman—a Murray, and a near kinsman of the lord of the island, who had kept the see four years vacant that the sole place of profit in the island might thereby be retained for his own family. Many years the Bishop had drawn his stipend, tithe and glebe rents, which were very large in proportion to the diocese, and almost equal in amoint to the emoluments of the whole body of the native clergy. He held small commerce with his people, and the bad seasons troubled him little until he felt the pinch of them himself. But when he found it hard to gather his tithe he began to realize that the island was passing through sore straits. Then he sold his tithe charges by auction in England, and they were knocked down to a Scotch factor—a hard man, untroubled by sentiment, and not too proud to get his own by means that might be thought to soil the cloth of ing that, bluster as he would, while th

When the news of this transfer reached the island the Manx clergy looked black, though they dared say nothing; but the poor people grumbled audibly, for they knew what was coming. It soon came, in the shape of writs from the Bishop's seneschal, served by the Bishop's sumner. Then the cry of the poor reached the governor at Castletown. No powers had he to stay the seizure of goods and stock, for arrears that were forfeit to the church courts, but he wrote to the bishop, asking him to stay execution at a moment of the island's necessity. The bishop answered him curtly that the matter was now outside his control. At that the governor inquired into the legality of the sale, and found good reason to question it. He wrote again to the bishop, hinting at his doubts, and then the Bishop told him to mind his own business. "My business is the welfare of the people," the governor answered, "and be you bishop or lord, or both, be sure that while I am here I will see to it."

"Such is the penalty of setting a beggar on horseback," the bishop rejoined.

Meantime the Scotch factor went on with his work, and notices were served that if arrears of tithe rent were not paid by a given date, cattle or crop to the value of them would then be seized in the bishop's name. When the word came to government house, the governor announced to Greeba his intention to be present at the first seizure. She tried to restrain him, fearing trouble; but he was fully resolved. Then she sent word by Chalse A'Killey to her brothers at Lague, begging them to go with their father and see him through, but one and all refused. There was mischief brewing, and if the governor had a right to interfere, he had a right to have the civil forces at the back of him. If he had no right to the help of Castle Rushen he had no right to stop the execution. In any case, they had no wish to meddle.

When old Chalse brought back his answer, Red Jason chanced to be at Castletown. He had been at government house oftener than usual since the clouds had begun to hang on it Coming down from the mountains, with his pipe in his mouth, his fowling piece over his shoulder, and his birds hanging from his belt, he would sometimes contrive to get up into the yard at the back, fling a brace of pheasants into the kitchen and go off again without speaking to anyone. Greeba had been too smart for him this time, and he was standing before her with a look of guilt when Chalse came up on his errand. Then Jason heard all, and straightway offered to go with the governor, and never let wit of his intention.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Greeba, and she looked up into his bronzed face and smiled proudly, and her long lashes blinked over her beautiful eyes. Her glance seemed to go through him. It seemed to go through all nature; and fill the world with a new, glad light.

The evil day came, and the governor was as good as his word. He went away to Peel, where the first seizure was to be made. There was a great crowd already gathered, and at sight of Adam's face a great shout went up. The bishop's factor heard it, as he came up from Bishop's Court, with a troop of his people about him. "I'll mak' short shrift o' a' that, the noo," he said. When he came up he ordered that a cow house door should be broken open and the cattle brought out for instant sale, for he had an auctioneer by his side. But the door was found to be locked, and he shouted to his men to leap onto the roof and strip off the thatch. Then the governor cried to stop, and called on the factor to desist, for though he might seize the cattle there would be no sale that day, since no man there present would take the bread out of the mouths of the poor.

"Then they shall try the milk,' said the factor, with a hoarse laugh, and at the same moment the bishop's seneschal, a briefless advocate, stepped out, pushed his hot face into Adam's, and said that, governor as he was, if he encouraged the people to resist, the sumner should then and there summon him to appear before the church courts for contempt.

At that insult the crowd surged around, muttering deep oaths, and the factor and seneschal were both much hustled. In another moment there was a general struggle; people were shouting, the governor was on the ground and in danger of being trodden under foot, the factor had drawn a pistol, and some of his men were flourishing hangers.

By this time Red Jason had lounged up, as if by chance, to the outskirts of the crowd, and now he pushed through with great strides, lifted the governor to his feet, laid the factor on the broad of his back, and clapped his pistol hand under one heavy heel. Then the hangers flashed around Jason's face and he stretched his arms and laid out about him. In two minutes he had made a wide circle where he stood, and in two minutes more the factor and his men, with seneschal, sumner, action eer, and the riffraff of the church courts, were going off up the road with best foot foremost, and a troop of the people, like a pack of hounds at full cry, behind.

Then the remnant of the crowd compared notes and bruises.

"Man alive, what a boy to fight," said one.

"Who was it?" said another.

"Och, Jason the Red, of coorse," said a third.

Jason was the only man badly injured. He had a deep cut over the right brow, and though the wound bled freely he made light of it. But Adam was much troubled at the sight.

"I much misdoubt me but we'll rue the day," he said.

Jason laughed at that, and they went back to Castletown together. Greeba saw them coming, and all but fainted at the white bandage that gleamed across Jason's forehead; but he gave her a smile and bade her have no fear, for his wound was nothing. Nevertheless she must needs dress it afresh, though her deft fingers trembled woefully, and, seeing how near the knife had come to the eye, all her heart was in her mouth. But he only laughed at the bad gash, and thought with what cheer he would take such another just to have the same tender hands bathe it, and stitch it, and to see the troubled heaving of the round bosom that was before him while his head was held down.

"Aren't you very proud of yourself, Jason?" she whispered softly, as she finished.

"Why proud?" said he.

"It's the second time you have done as I have bidden you, and suffered for doing so," she said.

He knew not what reply to make, scarcely realizing which was her question tended. So, feeling very stupid, he said again:

"But why proud?"

"Aren't you, then?" she said. "Because I am proud of you."

They were alone, and he saw her breast heave and her great eyes gleam, and he felt dizzy. At the next instant their hands touched, and then his blood boiled, and before he knew what he was doing he had clasped the beautiful girl in his arms, and kissed her on the lips and cheek. She sprang away from him, blushing deeply, but he knew that she was not angry, for she smiled through her deep rich color as she fled from out of the room on tiptoe. From that hour he troubled his soul no more with fears that he was unworthy of Greeba's love, for he looked at his wound in the glass, and remembered her words, and laughed in his heart.

The governor was right that there would be no sale for arrears of tithe charges. After a scene at Bishop's Court the factor went back to England, and no more was heard of the writs served by the sumner. But wise folks predicted a storm for Adam Fairbrother, and the great people were agreed that his conduct had been the maddest folly.

"He'll have to take the horns with the hide," said Deemster Lace.

"He's a fool that doesn't know which side of his bread is buttered," said Mrs. Fairbrother.

The storm came quickly, but not from the quarter expected.

Since the father of the Duke of Athol had sold his fiscal rights to the English Crown the son had rued the bargain. All the interest in the island that remained to him lay in his title, his patronage of the bishopric, and his governor generalship. His title counted for little, for it was unknown at the English court, and the salary of his governor generalship counted for less, for, not being resident in the island, he had to pay a local governor. The patronage of the bishopric was the one tangibie item of his interest, and when the profits of that office were imperiled he determined to part with his truncated honors. Straightway he sold them big and baggage to the crown, for nearly six times as much as his father had got for the insular revenues. When this neat act of truck and trade was complete he needed his deputy no more, and sent Adam Fairbrother an instant warning, with half-a-year's salary for smart money.

The blow came with a shock to Greeba and her father, but there was no leisure to sigh over it. Government house and its furniture belonged to the government, and the new governor might take possession of it at any moment. But the stock on its lands was Adam's and as it was necessary to dispose of it he called a swift sale. Half the island came to it, and many a brave brag came then from many a vain stomach. Adam was rightly served! What was there to expect when jacks were set in office? With five hundred a year coming in for twenty years he was as poor as a church mouse? Aw, money in the hands of some men was like water in a sieve!

Adam's six sons were there, looking on with sneering lips, as much as to say, "Let nobody blame us for a mess like this." Red Jason was there, too, glooming as black as a thundercloud, and itching to do battle with somebody if only a fit case should offer.

Adam himself did not show his face. He was ashamed—he was crushed—he was humiliated—but not for the reason attributed to him by common report Alone he sat, and smoked and smoked, in the room at back; from whence he had seen Greeba and Michael Sunlocks that day when they walked side by side into the paved yard, and when he said within himself, "Now, God grant that this may be the end of all parting between them and me." He was thinking of that day now: that is was very, very far away. He heard the clatter of feet below, and the laughter of the bidders and the wondrous jests of the facetious auctioneer.

When the work was over, and the house felt quiet and so, so empty, Greeba came in to him, with eyes large and red, and kissed him without saying a word. Then he became mighty cheerful all at once, and bade her fetch out her account books, for they had their own reckoning yet to make, and now was the time to make it. She did as she was bidden, and counted up her father's debts, with many a tear dropping over them as if trying to blot them out forever. And meanwhile he counted up his half-year's smart money and the pile of silver and gold that had come of the sale. When all was reckoned, they found they would be just fifteen pounds to the good, and that was now their whole fortune.

Next morning there came a great company of the poor, and stood in silence about the house. They knew that Adam had nothing to give, and they came for nothing; they on their part had nothing to offer, and they had nothing to say; but this was their way of showing sympathy with the good man in his dark hour.

The next morning after that old Adam said to Greeba:

"Come, girl, there is only one place in the island that we have a right to go to, and that's Lague. Let's away.

And towards Lague they set their faces, afoot, all but empty-handed, and with no one but crazy old Chalse A'Killey for company.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE TRADE.

"Nobody has ever been able to explain the mysterious fascination of counterfeiting," said an old federal official at the custom house. "There is, without a doubt, something about the work, aside from its possible profits, that draws men into it and keeps them there at the sacrifice of almost everything that would appear to make life worth living. 'Once a counterfeiter, always a counterfeiter,' is an axiom of the secret service, and it is borne out by facts.

"Yet counterfeiting would seem, on the surface, to be one of the least attractive branches of crime. It involves an immense amount of hard work, accompanied, as a rule, by exposure and privation, and there is not a single case on record in which a maker or 'shover' of the 'queer' retired in peace with anything like a competence. Indeed, there are very few instances in which a counterfeiter ever made as much as $5,000 out of the operation. They are almost invariably caught or driven to cover before they succeed in floating enough of their wares to pay them ordinary day wages for the time they have put in.

"The engraving of a treasury note is a long and tedious operation. Even in the government bureau at Washington, where every modern labor-saving appliance is at hand and the work is distributed among a dozen skillful operators—one doing the vignette, another the lettering, another the scrolls and so on—it takes several months to nish a plate. One man, doing the whole thing, and working under cover in continual dread of discovery, would easily be occupied two or three years at the same task. And you must bear in mind that an engraver competent to turn out a dangerous replica could easily be earning from $8 to $12 a day at honest employment. In other words, he puts all the way from $7,500 to $10,000 worth of work into the undertaking, and when the plate is at last ready for the press he has no assurance whatever that a dozen of the bills will ever actually be passed. The chances are about two to one that the job will land him in prison.

"But in spite of all this," continued the officer, "some of the best engravers in the country have turned counterfeiters and persisted in it to the bitter end It is very strange. The same rule applies to all grades of bogus-money making. None of it ever pays as a business proposition. Some time ago an Italian was arrested here in New Orleans for manufacturing spurious quarters. He turned out a cleverly made white metal coin, but had shoved less than $10 worth when he was caught and given a term behind the bars. The fake quarters were first cast in a mold and afterward touched up or 'sharpened,' as it is called technically, by hand. The 'reeding' around the edges was also hand work and very tedious. I calculated that he could not finish over eight coins a day, working hard for at least ten hours. Just think of it! Only $2 a day for highly skilled labor, and even then he didn't reap that amount as net profit. The coins had to be passed, the object being, of course, to secure good money in change. That necessitated making some little purchase with every piece, so at best not more than 20 cents was actually realized on the transaction In short, the Italian was obliged to put in one day counterfeiting, and the best part of another day 'shoving' all for a beggarly $1.60, and meanwhile he was constantly jeopardizing his liberty. He was a man of considerable ability and ought to have been able to have earned $3 or $4 a day as a pattern maker or designer.

"Almost every one of the famous bank-note counterfeiters has had opportunities to quit crooked work with full assurance of no future molestation on the part of the authorities. You see, the government is generally only too willing to make terms with such dangerous fellows. But it is no use. Not one of them has ever 'stayed straight' six months after alleged reformation. They can't resist the fatal fascination." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Philadelphia Press: "The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week or so ahead, to allow her husband time to mail them."

AT EVENTIDE.

At eventide, to me sometimes seems
That, ere the morrow's sun shall rise once more
—Perchance, 'tis but a fancy born of dreams—
My new-born soul beyond the skies shall soar—
And the imprisoned spirit, its bonds in twain,
The life beyond shall seek, and not in vain.

And Night, dark Night, shall come to us at last,
And end the closing of the setting day,
When Death, the grim, gray messenger, his net shall cast,
And, from this vale, shall summon us away
To join the throng of those who went before,
And, in the unknown world, to live for evermore.

—Horace Wyndham in Cape Argus

THE LIFE OF A MAN

"It is a question," Prof. Kirkhoffer said quietly, "between this and that."

Saying thus, he looked down at the two objects between which choice had to be made. "This," was a man, a brown-skinned man of the upper Asian steppes. He lay prone upon the desert sand, his eyes, unseeing eyes, wide open, motionless, save for an occasional twitching of the limbs as the fever shiver shook him; silent, except when his parched lips moved in the inarticulate manner of delirium. The professor's gaze did not linger upon this piteous figure. It traveled to "that"—two loads of clay tablets, evidently of extreme antiquity and closely covered with a strange cuneiform character, which had just been carefully strapped by his companion to the backs of two kneeling camels.

"Seeing we are now reduced to two beasts only," he went on, his eye shifting for an instant to the body of a third camel which lay dead some twenty yards off, "seeing also that we are in a waterless desert, probably twenty-four hours' ride from the nearest well, and that this man is a dead weight on our hands—"

"You don't dream of abandoning the poor chap?" Dick Harding broke in.

The professor glanced uneasily over his smoked spectacles. Harding was a puzzle to him, a man of distinguished scientific attainments and capable of strong scientific enthusiasm, yet occasionally betraying a vein of sentimentality altogether out of place in connection with scientific explorations. Kirkhoffer had had inconvenient experience of this peculiarity more than once during the year spent with Harding in the remote fastnesses of Thibet.

"You wouldn't leave him here to die?" the Englishman persisted.

The professor rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. "He is bound to die soon in any case.

"I don't see that at all. If we can keep him alive till we get out of this—"

"Impossible, my friend. He cannot walk and these two camels cannot carry him in addition to you and me and the tablets."

"Then leave some of the tablets behind."

The professor fair gasped for breath.

"Leave—leave behind some of the tablets?" he stammered. "Leave the records of a civilization to which the Arcadian is a thing of yesterday—to be swallowed up by the next sandstorm? Give my great discovery, the greatest of the century, maimed and imperfect to the world? Harding, you must be mad. What is the life of a Khirgiz Tartar besides these priceless things?"

Kirkhoffer's short-sighted eyes then bleamed angrily behind his glasses; his voice was thick with passion.

"What's a Khirgiz Tartar?" he growled like a wild animal.

"He's a man, anyway," Harding retorted. "Suppose I refuse to leave the fellow?"

"Then"—the professor became all at once ominously cool—"I shall be forced to remind you that I am the head of this expedition and you are my salaried assistant. Also that these animals are my property. I go and they go with me. You can join the party or not, as you please."

Harding grew pale. "That is the choice you offer me? Then I say you are a blackguard."

"And I say," indifferently, "you are a fool. Come, will you mount?"

"No!" furiously.

The German shrugged his shoulders. "Have it your own way," he said. And, gathering up the long leading rein, which he had fastened to the head of one camel, he prepared to seat himself on the other.

But here Harding sprang upon him suddenly. "No, you don't!" he cried. "You shall leave me one, you brute, though it were a hundred times your property!"

"Stand off!" the professor cried.

Harding's answer was to close with him silently; and there ensued a trial of strength whereof the issue seemed for several minutes doubtful. The men were not ill-matched. Kirkhoffer was the taller and heavier, but then he was also the elder by twenty years and Harding's naturally lithe habit of body had known an English public school and university training. The result of the conflict was still uncertain when the professor suddenly loosed his hold and fell back, leaving the prize of contention, the camel, almost in the other's clutch. Harding stooped to seize the creature's halter and rose again to find himself covered by his antagonist's revolver.

"Now, perhaps," the man of science observed, "you will consent to hear reason. No use, my good friend." as Harding's hand went briskly to his breast pocket. "I drew the charge

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Kee[illegible] pointe[illegible] fessor R[illegible] made both [illegible] and began t[illegible] Harding remain[illegible] distance he continued to h[illegible] volver raised and leveled, sit[illegible] wise on his animal to insure [illegible] curate aim. But after a min[illegible] camels broke into a long, a[illegible] trot; in two minutes they were [illegible] pursuit; three—and the professor [illegible] eted his firearm and threw his [illegible] across the saddle. "Your own fault, remember!" was his final greeting before he disappeared over the top of the nearest sand dune.

When he had disappeared, Harding looked about him, reviewing the situation. It was no cheering prospect that met his eye; a dead waste of sandhills to north, south, east and west, white hot in the glare of the tropical sun. Two dark blots alone broke the pale surface of the wilderness—the stiffening bulk of the dead camel and the limp figure of the fever-stricken camel driver. Truly no pleasant place to die in; more especially if you happen to be young and strong, and the death to which you stand condemned be death by hunger and thirst. A few hours would exhaust the scanty remains of food and water left in the skin and saddle bag lying hard by the dead camel and then—

Harding shook off anticipations of coming torture to take stock of his wretched commissariat, and, rummaging in the bag found a priceless treasure—nothing less than an untouched bottle of quinine! Why, with this he might hope to revive the Khirgiz whose case, but for the supposed exhaustion of the expedition's medicine chest, had never been a serious one Escape was yet possible.

Escape? Escape from a trackless wilderness in which they could only wander aimlessly to and fro, having no single instrument by which to determine their position or point the way? Saving his assistant's pack, the professor had carried off everything.

No, not everything. Even as this thought sank like a stone into Harding's heart his eyes fell upon something glittering at his foot. With a shaking hand he grasped it, lifted it—and broke into a cry of mingled triumph and thanksgiving, which startled the Khirgiz from his lethargy. Pushing back his long hair, the man made an effort to sit up.

"The master! Where is the master?" he asked, looking about him in surprise.

Harding laughed grimly. "Heaven alone knows, since he has left his compass here."

And heaven alone knows to this hour the course of the wretched Kirkhoffer's wanderings. When Harding and the Khirgiz, guided by the instrument which he had dropped in his scuffle with the Englishman, reached, after manifold toils and sufferings, the confines of human habitation, they could obtain no tidings of their vanished chief. And, although Harding insisted on organizing a new expedition to search for him, its labors were fruitless.

His fate remains as unknown to the world as the history of that ancient empire whose records lie buried with him in the sands of Central Asia.—Chicago News.

Keen at Diagnosis.

"Some doctors have a most extraordinary gift of diagnosis," remarked a clergyman of New Orleans, apropos of nothing in particular. "A very startling example of that sort of thing came under my observation a few years ago and made an indelible impression on my mind. A physician with whom I am on very friendly terms had dropped in at my study and I showed him a letter I had just received from an acquaintance in Chicago touching upon a subject in which we were mutually interested. After studying the handwriting closely for a few moments the doctor surprised me greatly by saying 'That man has locomotor ataxia.' I couldn't help but laugh. 'You're greatly mistaken,' I said, 'he's in vigorous health, quite a noted athlete and one of the brightest young business men in Chicago.' 'That may be,' he replied, 'but he has locomotor ataxia all the same, and I wouldn't give him over three or four years to live.' He explained in a general way that he based his opinion on certain peculiarities in the penmanship and an apparent difficulty in keeping the writing on the lines of the paper. I took no stock in the prediction and was greatly startled about nine months later to learn that my Chicago friend had suddenly broken down and he was regarded as a complete wreck. He did have latent locomotor ataxia at the very moment of the conversation in my study, and it subsequently developed in its most appalling form. In a year's time he was reduced to a condition of almost complete idiocy, and not long afterward his unhappy life was abruptly terminated by an accident. The doctor says now that there was 'a good deal of guesswork' about his long-distance diagnosis, but I prefer to attribute it to one of those singular intuitions that generally have a profoundly scientific basis."